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THE GIFT HORSE

I know how busy you are—studying, going to class, catching night crawlers—but let me interrupt your multifarious activities—studying, going to class, helping old grads find their dentures after Homecoming—to remind you that busy as you are—studying, going to class, searching for meat in the dormitory stew—time and tide wait for no man, and the Yuletide will soon be upon us. Busy or not, we must turn our thoughts to Christmas shopping. Let us, therefore, pause for a moment in our busy schedules—studying, going to class, rolling drunks—to examine a number of interesting gift suggestions.

We will start with the hardest gift problem of all: *What do you give to the person* who has everything? Well sir, there follows a list of a half dozen gifts which I *will flatly guarantee the person who has* everything does not have:

1. A dentist's chair.
2. A low hurdle.
3. A street map of Perth.
4. Fifty pounds of chicken fat.
5. A carton of filter-tip Marlboros.
6. A carton of non-filter Philip Morris.

"*What!*" you exclaim, your young eyebrows rising in wild incredulity. "The person who *has* everything does not have cartons of filter Marlboros and non-filter Philip Morris?" you shriek, your young lips curling mockingly. "What arrant nonsense!" you rasp, making a coarse gesture.

And I reply with an emphatic *no!* The person who has everything does not have filter Marlboros and non-filter Philip Morris—not for long anyhow—because if he has Marlboros and Philip Morris and if he is a person who likes a *mild, mellow, fresh, flavorful* cigarette—and who does not? eh? who does not?—why, then he doesn't have Marlboros and Philip Morris; he *smokes* them. He might possibly have a large collection of Marlboro and Philip Morris *butts*, but *whole* Marlboros and Philip Morris? No. An emphatic *no!*

Now we take up another thorny gift *problem:* What do you buy *your girl* if you are broke? Quite a challenge, you will agree, but there is an answer—an *ingenious, exciting answer! Surprise your* girl with a beautiful bronze head of herself!

Oh, I know you're not a sculptor, but that doesn't matter. All you have to do is endear yourself to your girl's roommate, so she will be willing to do you a favor. Then some night when your girl is fast asleep, have the roommate butter your girl's face—quietly, so as not to wake her—and then quietly pour plaster of Paris on top of the butter and then quietly wait till it hardens and quietly lift it off—the butter will keep it from sticking—and then bring you the mold, and you will pour bronze in it and make a beautiful bust to surprise your girl with!

Remember, it is important—*very* important—*to endear yourself to the roommate*, because if anything should go wrong, you don't want to be without a *girl for the holiday season.*

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Your gift problem is no problem if you will give Marlboros to your filter smoking friends and Philip Morris to your non-filter smoking friends. Both come in soft pack or flip-top box; both are made by the sponsor of this column.

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